

6 THE
EXHIBITION

OF
FANCY;

A
VISION.

— tutto simulato, e tutto finto
Come la Maga gliè l'havea dipinto.

ARIOSTO, Cant. quar.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the A U T H O R,
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Where may be had, by the same Author,
A MONODY on the DEATH of Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

M DCC LXXVI.

EXHIBITION

FAIR

VIOLIN



— tutto simulato, e tutto falso
Come la Mago che l'ha detto
Aristo, Carlo, d'una

LONDON
Printed for, the A. U. T. H. O. R.
And sold by G. K. E. A. R. S. L. Y. No. 1. P. L. E. E. Y. S. T. R. E. E. T.
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A MONODY on the DEATH of DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
MDCCLXXVI.

BY PERMISSION.

TO the PRESIDENT of the
ROYAL ACADEMY.

S I R,

THE little occasional Poem, which I here
humbly offer you, has, I am afraid, no
other title but what your indulgence gives, to
appear with such a name prefixed to it's
dedication. How I shall escape the imputation
of presumption I know not; for it will perhaps
but little avail me, to say that it was not my
opinion of its merit, but the subject that
directed me to you. Happy, indeed, should I
be,

be, could I pay a tribute that would be coeval with your own works : but let no one blame me for want of ability. A Clown may surely pay homage to a Prince, and only ill-nature could object, that he did it not with the air of a courtier, or the practiced grace of a dancing master. The following trifle is, I confess, unworthy your acceptance, and will more than probably die as soon as born — if it does, I have not built any great expectations on it — however I am not a little solicitous that you should be persuaded my veneration and respect never can.

I am, &c.

THE
EXHIBITION

OF
FANCY;

APOEM.

AS each returning Spring from Nature's hoard,
Calls forth the flowers, and to the raptur'd eye
Expands her teeming blossoms: so the stores
Of Art it now unlocks, and in the Sun
Of royal Favour spreads: whose genial beams,
Till late, but faintly on *Britannia's* Isle
Have glimmer'd, or impregnated the seeds
Of Genius, that within her bosom slept,

B

Unheeded,

Unheeded, and unknown.—Pleased have I trod
 The Garden, that amidst uncultur'd Wilds,
 Is sprung from *George's* Bounty—welcome Earnest!
 Of days, when Science, with the Arts combin'd,
 Shall smile throughout the land, and foster'd, raise
 A monument immortal to his *Reign*.

Big with the Prospect I had travers'd o'er;
 My busy Mind, when sleep in soft repose
 Had wrapt my limbs, still on its beauties paus'd,
 And ling'ring wak'd to cull some new delight.
 I seem'd to tread on Plains, more fair than those
 Fabled by antient Bards; the blest Retreats
 Of happy Spirits in the shades below.
 How shall I speak what Wonders I beheld?
 Or whither I was rapt? A thousand Scenes,

In

In swift succession, broke upon the sight,
And charm'd the soul with sweetest Imagery.

“ Ye Pow'rs! I cry'd! whoe'er you are, that rule

“ This Paradise of blest enchantment, say,

“ Where am I? Deign to tell a Wand'rer where,

“ And deign to lead him through the various Maze?”

Scarce had I spoken, when a Form appeared,

Lovelier than *Venus*, when from out the waves

She rose, and by the Graces was attired:

In robes fantastic, lightly tripp'd she on,

With nimble feet—her auburn tresses loose,

Luxuriant, o'er her iv'ry shoulders wav'd,

And floating to the wind—her laughing eye

Beaming a thousand charms—whilst ev'ry step

Awoke some slumb'ring flow'ret, from its bed.

“ Stranger! she smiling cry'd, that in my realms,

“ In

" In Fancy's labyrinth stray'ft, without the clue
 " That Science gives: Propitious to thy wish,
 " Behold, I come, to be myself thy Guide.
 " Approach, and view the wonders of my reign.
 " Behold this Wand—such is its magic power,
 " That as I wave it, at my will, new forms
 " Rise into fight, and new Creations spring,
 " Obedient to its touch: O'er dreary wastes,
 " With lib'ral hand, I can the fairest blooms
 " Of Nature scatter, or on smiling plains
 " Let Desolation loose—Huge mountains heave
 " Their craggy summits to salute the clouds:
 " Or Vales irriguous spread their verdant stores.
 " Proud *Neptune* swells his waves, as I direct,
 " In rolling torrents; or with placid sway,
 " Expands an ample Mirror to the sky.

" By

“ By this, the Hero, o’er whose sacred urn
“ Recording Time has number’d many a year,
“ Strides in the front of the embattled field;
“ Or plung’d amidst his foes, deals death around
“ Again on those, his former fury flew.
“ By this, the lovely Maiden, from whose cheek
“ Old Age with envious hand the bloom has pluck’d,
“ Smiles as a flower renew’d, in all the charms
“ Of youthful beauty and of dimpled sweetness;
“ With laughing eyes that to the soul convey
“ That blissful madness, lovers only know.
“ But, lo! thyself be witness of its power;
“ And view the objects that around thee rise.”

She spoke: when suddenly the prospect chang’d.

Forth like the fabled legions, which the * Son

* *Cadmus.*

C

Of

Of old *Agenor* saw from out the earth,
In glitt'ring armour spring: or like the swarms
Of crouding spirits, which * *Laertes* Son,
With solemn incantations, from the shades
Of *Erebus*, and *Stygian* darkness call'd:
So, as she wav'd her rod, confusion rose
And cover'd all the plain.—With adverse fronts
Rush'd fiery squadrons, spear with spear immix'd,
And faulchion gleam'd on faulchion.—Some with high
Uplifted arm, and visage where enthron'd
Sat stern defiance, spurr'd their foaming steeds
Amidst the thickest fight ; and at their heels,
As where a lion through the bleating flock
Has mark'd his passage, left a gaping path
Besprinkled o'er with blood, and strew'd with slain:

* *Ulysses*.

* *Cyclops*.

Whilst

Whilst Death, their armour-bearer, seem'd behind
To stride exulting o'er the mangled heaps.
Some wag'd a furious conflict, and maintain'd
The scale of victory, in equal poise:
Others in dire disorder, and dismay,
Ignobly fled; or at a Conqu'ror's feet,
Cast down their weapons, and besought for life.

But as I gaz'd, like meteors of the night,
That stream in trackless horror through the gloom,
The forms dissolv'd in air, and other scenes
Rose into view. Along the vine-girt slope,
With ivy-crowned brows, and frantic mien,
Rush'd forth a female throng, high brandishing
Their Thyrsi in the air, with wanton eye
They rov'd, their waste scarce cinctur'd with a robe,
That wav'd transparent in the sportive wind

And

And ev'ry limb disclos'd. Behind them came,
Triumphant in his chariot, to the sound
Of rustic pipes, the rosy God of wine,
With old *Silenus*: Whilst around him *Fauns*,
And shaggy Satyrs, in lascivious dance
Gambol'd, and gave their best applause a Grin.

But swift they pass'd, when to my wond'ring sight,
A Dungeon drear, and wild, of misery
The mansion comfortless, unfolded stood.
As, in the festive circle, every eye
Was overcast, and ev'ry count'nance fell,
When, midst the roar of mirth and revelry,
The bard *Anacreon* dash'd his goblet down,
And in convulsive pangs breath'd forth his soul:
So from its height, by some resistless power,

My

My spirit, which late sportive on the wing
 Had frolick'd with the jocund band, sunk down
 Oppress'd and overwhelm'd. No light now beam'd;
 Save where, to hope impervious, 'twixt the bars
 Of massy steel, that fenc'd an aperture,
 A pallid ray shot through the wasteful vault,
 And serv'd but to disclose the face of horror.
 There, wrapt in torpid woe a Father sat
 Amidst his children—on his haggard looks
 Stood black despair in all its gloomy pomp,
 With grief unspeakable and nameless sorrow.
 Keen famine too upon his cheek had mark'd
 The track of death: his livid eye-balls sunk,
 Gaz'd not on ought around, but on the void
 Of wasteful space were bent.—Beside his knees
 An infant boy with piteous countenance,

D

And

And unavailing tears, unnotic'd hung:
 Whilst in a brother's arms, with hunger keen
 O'ercome, and struggling in the grasp of fate,
 Another disregarded lay, in vain,
 Appearing to implore some friendly aid.
 But more than tongue can paint of wretchedness,
 The Father's fixt and speechless form express'd:
 It spoke a hoard within too vast for vent,
 A hoard that block'd the utterance of plaint,
 And in the lab'ring bosom wrung the heart.

Now all my soul to melancholy turn'd
 Brooded o'er painful thought; whilst down my cheek
 A rising sigh had fluic'd the trickling tear:
 But Fancy call'd, and woke me from the trance.
 " Yonder, she cried, behold that beauteous Maid,

" Grace

- “ Grace in her form, and sweetness in her eye ;
 “ To live, to breathe, to speak, to move, she seems,
 “ But know, that fashion’d by this pow’rful wand,
 “ With all, that art of mimic life can give,
 “ An unsubstantial shadow mocks the sight.
 “ Lo! where the Lover on his portray’d fair
 “ Gazes in stedfast admiration fix’d,
 “ And to the speechless image pays his vows”.

Here paus’d my charming guide : When I beheld

A Youth, who with emotion smote his breast,

And thus with rapturous effusion spoke.

- “ ’Tis *Daphne*! ’tis her lovely form, her look,
 “ Her feature that might draw the gods from heav’n
 “ To gaze on and admire. Such was the glance,
 “ Such were her smiles, that made my heedless heart
 “ Her captive, and destroy’d my peace and rest.

“ What

- " What hand *Promethean* has depicted here
 " Perfection e'er inimitable deem'd?
 " Thou boast of nature, wherefore art thou mute?
 " Ah! speak, and tell me how I late deserv'd
 " The frowns, that with distraction fill'd my breast,
 " And aw'd the transport, which I could not quell.
 " But earnest of my pardon let me take,
 " Thou canst not here with sharp disdain, averse,
 " Repay this humble tribute of my love."

He said, and on her coral lips imprest
 An ardent kiss—then stopp'd a while to gaze:
 And then, as tho' the touch had lighted up
 New latent fires—his eyes with pleasure flash'd.
 He sigh'd—and from her dimpled mouth again,
 Ravish'd a thousand blisses—but the nymph
 Still smil'd, as pleas'd he should renew the theft.

Now

[7]

Now rose another scene; low darken'd clouds,
Streak'd with the pointed lightning's streaming fire;
Vaulted old Ocean's bed; whose adverse waves,
As liquid mountains in confusion wild,
Seem'd rushing into combat.—There a Bark
With broken masts, dash'd on a rock appear'd:
And here, amidst her shatter'd fragments tost,
A floating Corse with horror I beheld,
A lifeless victim of the foamy surge:
Whilst mounted on it's ridgy back a Wretch
Rode buoyant, and appear'd, with out-stretch'd arms,
To shun the wat'ry grave that yawn'd beneath.
His shrieks methought I heard: when like the mist
That on a summer's morn along some stream
Had veil'd the prospect, flitting into air,
The whole dissolv'd; and distant tow'rs began

E

To

To peep with spiry tops, and azure hills
 Skirted with silver clouds, broke on the sight.
 The oak majestic, and the mantled shrub,
 On smiling meadows, or with daisy white,
 Or yellow cowslips deckt, now rear'd their heads.
 The sun-beams on a winding river danc'd;
 And willows bow'd their heads to kiss the wave.
 The rustick from the fields the lowing herd
 Compell'd, and shepherd watch'd his bleating flock:
 Whilst, in the hawthorn shade, another stretch'd,
 Hung on the tale, his lovely smiling maid
 Seem'd to relate, and look'd his simple love.

Now Fancy shriek'd, and at my feet the earth
 Began to quake, as tho' sulphureous flames
 Within their caverns pent, had rock'd it's base.

B

A

A chilling horror shot throughout my frame,
And all my expectation trembling wak'd.
Forth from the horizon, with gigantick stride,
And rapid pace, a monster Form advanc'd:
Behind him Desolation followed close,
With dark Oblivion velop'd in a cloud.
The hills and forests sunk before his steps,
And at his baneful aspect ev'ry bloom,
And beauty of creation, smitten droop'd.
As he approach'd, my beauteous Guide prepar'd
To meet, and thus address'd the gloomy Fiend.

“ Oh Time! she cried, that with un pitying rage
“ Spread'st ruin through my empire, and destroy'st
“ My noblest structures; which, till thou art plung'd
“ In dark eternity's abyss, should last:

“ Here

" Here, Tyrant! stop—here, I conjure thee, stay!
" Cannot the offerings Folly daily spreads
" Before thy feet, sole victims meet to fall,
" Suffice, and satiate thy devouring rage?
" Already hast thou not enough display'd
" Thy murd'rous power? Lo! how behind thee lies
" A dreary waste; where o'er the mould'ring piles,
" Like some fond mother, who, with anxious breast,
" On the ensanguin'd field explores, yet fears
" To find her darling boy among the slain:
" My Sister Science bends with tearful eye,
" To seek if happily uncrusht beneath,
" Aught of our former boasts has 'scap'd thy hand.
" Say, where are now the wonders which extoll'd
" *Apelle's* art—or where the **Spartan* Dame,

* *Helen.*

" Whom

- " Whom *Zeuxis* bade inflame another age.
 " Say, where the *Victim of *Diana's* wrath,
 " That by *Timanthes'* skill, again drew tears
 " From each spectator's eye; to thee in vain
 " Stretching her suppliant hands.—Restore the boasts
 " Of *Phydias*, *Myron*, and *Praxitiles*,
 " *Panæus*, and of *Polygnotus* fam'd,
 " *Parrhasius*, *Polycletus*.—Oh, ye Powers!
 " What fell barbaric fury hast thou shown!
 " Not *Hercules* from thy destructive hands
 " Could save his form—Nor from the sacred fane
 " Of *Delos*, or of *Æsculapius*,
 " Could the bright God of Day repel thy step.
 " Not *Perga*, not *Segesta's* walls could guard

* *Iphigenia*.

F

The

- “ The quiver-bearing Goddess — not the Queen
 “ Of high *Olympus*, in the *Samian* isle,
 “ Could awe thy ravages — nor **Venus*’ Son,
 “ Who sways mankind, when impiously thou spoil’st
 “ The *Thespian* temple, from thy fatal grasp
 “ Could snatch his fav’rite marble. Now behold,
 “ What num’rous altars to my honour rise,
 “ Rear’d by *Britannia*’s Sons, who well may claim
 “ With *Greece* and *Italy* an equal palm !
 “ From those I warn thee fly : Nor rudely dare
 “ Profane their sacred verge. — Henceforth alone
 “ In yonder wide extended regions, (far
 “ From these enamell’d bowers and sweet retreats)
 “ Where gloomy Ignorance and Dulness sway

* *Vid. M. Tull. Cic. orat. in Verrem.*

“ Their drowfy myriads, let thy fury loofe,
 “ And fpread thy devaftations uncontroul'd.”

Thus fpoke the lovely Goddefs; when the Fiend
 Replied not, but his pond'rous jav'lin high
 Uplifted: Deep within my breast I felt
 It's piercing force, a fudden torpor chain'd
 Each vital power, and as in giddy whirls
 My Spirit now feem'd ready on the wing,
 To quit it's mansion, struggling, I awoke.

F I N I S.

And spread thy devastations uncontrol'd.
Their drowny myriads, let thy fury loose

Thus spoke the lovely Goddess; when the Friend
Replied not, but his ponderous javelin high
Uplifted: Deep within my breast I felt
Its piercing force, a sudden torpor chain'd
Each vital power, and as in giddy whirls
My spirit now seem'd ready on the wing,
To quit its mansion, struggling, I awoke.



F I W I S

